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AND

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Tarempou and Serinda.

A TALE.

IT was on the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains which divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, there lived a wealthy and reverend Lama, whose lands were tributary to the Supreme Lama, or Sacerdotal Emperor, who governs all the land from China to the pathless desert of Cobi: but although his flocks and herds were scattered over an hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the breathings of man's life, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the east, as the *father of Serinda*. It was the beauty, the virtue, the accomplishments of Serinda, which gave him all his fame, and all his happiness; for Lama Zarin considered the advantages which birth, and wealth and power conferred, as trifling when compared to that of being father to Serinda. All the anxiety he ever felt, proceeded from the thoughts relating to her welfare, when he could no longer guard the innocence of her whom he expected soon to quit for ever. A dreadful malady, which had long seized him at a stated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in spite of all the arts of medicine, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after a fit which attacked him with more violence than usual, he sent for the fair Serinda, and gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addressed her in these words: "Daughter of my hopes and fears! Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever! Yet while my soul confesses its

delight in gazing on thee, attend to the foreboding melancholy dictates of a dying father's spirit: my Serinda, whose breath refreshes like the rose, and whose purity should, like the jessamine, diffuse voluptuous satisfaction on all around her, disturbs the peace of her dejected father, embittering all the comforts of his life, and making his approach to death more terrible." At these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus: "The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness, ere he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy holy mother, who died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet let me not depart to the unknown and fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected! Oh! my Serinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the danger to which thy orphan state must soon be subject; surrounded as thou then wilt be by suitor Lamas, of various dispositions and pretensions, some with mercenary cunning, wooing thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love? He then reminded her that he had from time to time presented her with portraits of the several Lamas who had solicited an union with his house, and which they had sent according to the custom of Thibet, where the sexes can never see each other till they are married; he also repeated what he had already himself given her in writing, an epitome of their characters, their good and evil qualities, their ages, their possessions, and their rank in the priesthood of the Lama, and concluded by saying, "Tell me then, my Serinda, which of all these mighty princes can

claim a preference in the soul of my beloved daughter?—Serinda blushed and sighed, but answered not—Lama Zarin desired that she would withdraw to consult the paper he had given her, to compare it with the several portraits, and determine before his next day's fit returned, which might be most deserving of her love. At the word *love*, Serinda blushed again, but knew not why:—her father saw the crimson on her cheek, but said it was the timid flushing of a virgin's modesty, and urged her to withdraw, and to be quick in her decision. Serinda with innocence replied, "My father knows that he is himself the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever *love*; at least my *love* will ever be confined to those objects which delight and benefit my father, whether they be man or beasts: I *love* this favourite dog, which my father so frequently caresses; I *loved* the favourite horse on which my father rode, till by a fall he put his master's life in danger, then I hated him; but when the tyger had seized my father on the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I *loved* Tarempou; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I *love* Tarempou still." The father heard her artless confession, and told her that Tarempou was no Lama. "But (said she) which of all these Lama's who now demand my love, has made an interest in my heart by services to my father, like the slave Tarempou? And yet I have not seen his person nor his picture, nor know I whether he be old or young; but he has saved my father's life, and is a favourite of my father; therefore it is my duty sure to *love*, and I will *love* Tarempou. The old Lama smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw, after he had explained to her that *love* was *impious*, according to the laws

of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of Lamas and their slaves. Serinda left her father; and as she stroked his favourite dog which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye lest she might be guilty of impiety.

And now the slave Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from chief of the shepherds, to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; and observing him unusually dejected, declared that he had himself acquired some knowledge in medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill where every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard him with a mixture of pleasure and contempt; or, as 'tis expressed in the original, his eyes flashed joy, his brow looked forgiveness; but contempt and incredulity smiled upon his lips, while his tongue answered the faithful Tarempou in gratitude and doubt. The slave replied, "May Lama Zarin live for ever! I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from these alone that I expect to gain in time, by perseverance, a complete victory over the disease; and if in seven days time the smallest change encourage me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer. The prince assented; and from that day became the patient of Tarempou, whose situation, both as chief in the house, and as physician, gave him a right to be at all times in the Lama's presence, save when Serinda paid her daily visit to her father, and then he had notice to withdraw.

The first week had not elapsed, before the Lama was convinced that his disease gave way to the medicines of his favourite: the fits returned indeed, but every day they attacked him with less violence, and were of shorter duration. In proportion as Tarempou became less necessary as a physician, his company became more desirable as a friend; he possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his natural good understanding by travel in distant countries: thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to the delighted Lama; they talked of laws, religion and customs of sovereign kingdoms, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend, and almost equal of his master. Amongst other topics of discourse, the Lama would often tell of the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, while Tarempou listened with delight, and felt an interest in the subject which he was at a loss him-

self to comprehend. On the other hand, in the conversations of the Lama with Serinda, he could talk of nothing but the skill and wisdom of Tarempou, wondering at such various knowledge in so young a man.

It happened one day when he had been repeating to his daughter the account Tarempou gave of European manners, that Serinda blushed and sighed: her father asked the cause, when she ingeniously confessed that he had so often mentioned this young slave, that she could think of nothing else by day or night; and that in her dreams she saw him, and thought he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to her father with artless innocence, she said, "Oh, Lama, can my sleep be *impious*? Her father saw her with emotion, and told her she must think of him no more. I will endeavour to obey, she said; but I shall dream, and sleep will *impiously* restore my banished waking thoughts. The Lama dreading the flame he had himself kindled in his daughter's bosom, endeavoured to check her rising passion, and resolved, henceforth never again to tell her of the slave Tarempou; but now it was too late; love, of the purest kind, had taken full possession of the virgin's heart; and while she struggled to obey her father, the fierce contention between this unknown guest and the dread of being *impious*, preyed upon her health, till feverish days and sleepless nights at length exposed her life to danger.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from Tarempou, (whom we will now no longer call his slave, but his faithful friend) the sickness of Serinda; and while he confessed his alarm for his fair daughter's safety, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite: he saw what it was impossible for Tarempou to conceal, that he had been the fatal cause of mutual passion to two lovers who had never seen, and but for him could never have heard of each other's amiable qualities.—Thus situated, (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visit of a male physician) prudence would have forbid his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence;—but Serinda, whose disease was occasionally attended with delirium, would only call upon the name of Tarempou, often repeating, He saved my father, and it is he alone can save the lingering Serinda.

Overcome by the intreaties of his lovesick daughter, the afflicted father, in an agony of grief, cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and told her, she should see Tarempou. Serinda heard with ecstasy; and

knowing that what a Lama promises must ever be performed, the words became a balsam to the wounds of love: but the Lama had not fixed the time when the sacred promise should be fulfilled; nor would he, till he had withdrawn and weighed the consequence of what had fallen from his lips.—The oftener he revolved the subject in his thoughts, the less appeared the difficulties; and having, by his conversations with Tarempou, raised his mind above the slavish prejudices and customs of his country, he at length resolved to overcome all scruples, and to give his beloved daughter to the only man whom he thought worthy of her.

Full of the idea of their future happiness, he determined to obtain all that remained necessary for its completion, which was the sanction of that higher power to which the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He instantly dispatched messengers to the Great Lama, who resides at Tonker, with whom his influence was so great, that he had no doubt he should obtain whatever he might ask, although unprecedented in the laws of Thibet; laws which forbid the holy race of Lamas to intermarry with any but of their own sacred order. And now unable to suppress the joy he felt in communicating to the lovers, that plan of future bliss which he had formed, he raised Tarempou to a pitch of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever dared to cherish; and to Serinda he promised that the sight of her physician and her lover should only be deferred one week, or till the messenger returned from the Great Lama at Tonker.

From this day the physician was no longer necessary: but the week appeared a tedious age to the expected love of young Tarempou and his promised bride Serinda.

The seven days at length elapsed, when the messenger returned from Tonker, with the following answer: The most sacred Sultan, the mighty Sovereign Lama, who enjoyeth life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin, greeting.—Report has long made known at Tonker, the beauty of Serinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of thy slave Tarempou. In answer, therefore, to thy request that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which not to obey, is death throughout the realms of Thibet.—The lovers shall not see each other till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves, in person, may witness the emotion of their amorous souls.

[To be concluded next week.]

EXTRACTS FROM

Bartolomeo's Voyage to India.

(Continued from No. 43.)

Description of the MARRIAGE CEREMONY among the Indians on the coast of Malabar.

WHEN the parents of the *Canya*, or young woman, have made choice of a young man whom they wish to give her as a husband, they announce their intention to the two Brahmans, whom the two families employ in astrological affairs. These Brahmans make strict inquiry respecting the young man's character, and examine the constellations under which the presumptive bride and bridegroom were born. If these constellations have a favourable aspect, the parents of the *Canya* must procure a considerable quantity of white sandal wood, magnel, salt, cocoa-nut oil, betal, areca, and about two or three hundred cocoa-nuts. When all these articles are ready, the bridegroom is conducted to the house of the *Canya*; and the Brahman, in the presence of all the relations assembled, performs in due order the ceremony of the *Homa*, or burnt-offering, presented to the whole *Dèrà*, that is, the gods, under whom are understood the seven planets, which are solemnly invoked as witnesses of this betrothing, and entreated to grant a fortunate and long continuance to the union. For this purpose he takes different kinds of costly and sweet-smelling wood, cuts them in pieces about a palm in length; places them in a square pit, and makes a fire of them; which, however, must not be blown, but excited by a fan. As soon as it begins to burn, the Brahmans repeat certain forms of prayer, by which they solicit the protection of the before-mentioned gods; and throw into the fire oil, butter, sugar, honey, barley, and rice boiled in milk. The bride and bridegroom stand by with the most devout attention, and from time to time throw into the fire also inflammable substances of the like kind, that it may burn incessantly for at least a fourth part of the day. When this ceremony is finished, the Brahman causes the bridegroom to kneel down; places a piece of gold or silver brocade on his head; puts a gold ring on his finger, and paints a crescent on his forehead. When he has ornamented the bridegroom in this manner, he puts into his hand a cocoa-nut painted with all sorts of colours, and says: "Such a person, (repeating his name), the son of —, in presence of all the gods, now gives his daughter (here he repeats her name,) as

wife to —, who is the son of —." This form the *Canya* must repeat word for word, and at the same time mention all the names. Two copies of it are then written upon *Olas*, or palm-leaves, on which are inscribed also the day of the betrothing, and the names of the constellations under which the bride and bridegroom were born. Different musical instruments are then heard in concert, with singers of both sexes. During this time the mother of the bride presents to the Brahmans a bason filled with consecrated ashes, the remains of the above-described burnt-offering; and she always chooses such a position that her face is directed towards the east. The Brahman takes from the bason, three times in succession, a handful of ashes, and suffers them to escape slowly through his fingers. When these ashes form on the ground a round figure, it has a reference to the unanimity, happiness, and fruitfulness of the new-wedded pair. These consecrated ashes, together with the above-mentioned *Olas*, are carefully preserved in a particular vessel, and considered as a valuable pledge of mutual fidelity.

"When the marriage contract has, in this manner, been confirmed on both sides, the bridegroom returns home," until the consummation takes, which is not till some time afterwards. When this time arrives, the bridegroom "makes preparations for the wedding, and with that view repairs, accompanied by all his relations, to the house of the bride, before which an arbour has been constructed. When this arbour has been sufficiently ornamented, preparations are made for washing and purifying the bride. For that purpose seven married women, each of whom bears a vessel, go in company with the Brahmans, and attended by musicians, singers, and female dancers, to some river or pond in the neighbourhood, and draw from it water, which, with various ceremonies, and the greatest carefulness, is carried to the house where the wedding is celebrated. They then undress the bride; pour a few drops of water upon her head, and rub her body over from top to bottom with the fibres of the *Ingia* plant. They then anoint her breast, shoulders and knees with the *curcuma*, and bind a piece of white muslin around her loins. This piece of muslin is made fast behind to a girdle, which consists of a piece of muslin of the like kind. Over this sort of apron they clothe the bride with a piece of very fine silk, of a golden yellow colour, which hangs down from the head, is drawn under the left arm-pit, and, forming a kind of mantle on the middle of the

body, descends to the feet, so as to cover the legs behind. When the bride is completely dressed, and covered with all her ornaments, she is conducted to the door of the dressing room, preceded by one of the women, who holds in one hand a burning lamp with seven wicks, and in the other seven pieces of rice dough mixed with *magnel*. The Brahman then repeats some prayers, the intention of which is to protect the bride from all kinds of misfortune and witchcraft; but, in particular, from the witchcraft of the eyes. For the same purpose, the woman who goes before her raises the seven pieces of rice dough three times over the bride's head, and then does the same thing with the lamp.

"When this ceremony is ended, and the bride's feet have been washed, she is seated on a mat, which supplies the place of a marriage-bed. The singers then begin to sing all sorts of nuptial songs, in which great praise is bestowed on the new married couple, with wishes that they may produce many good children; and, in general, that in the married state they may be fortunate and happy. The bride, in the mean time, holds a betel leaf before her face, in order to conceal her virgin blushes.

"While these songs are sung, the bridegroom put on his wedding dress, in another apartment of the same house in which the *Canya* resides; and as soon as he appears, the *Homa* is kindled, which the new married couple carefully endeavour to keep up, by throwing it into a sandal wood, frankincense, oil, butter, and other inflammable substances. After this ceremony the bridegroom seats himself on a kind of stool, called *Pida*; places both his hands together, and holds them strait out before him. The Brahman fills them with rice, betal and areca; puts a cocoa-nut on the top, and binds around his left arm a woollen band, to the end of which is fastened a piece of *curcuma* or Indian saffron. The bridegroom then orders a small dish to be brought, throws into it every thing put into his hands, as a token of respect for the gods, and makes a present of the whole to his barber, or the man who washed him, and to the surrounding musicians. The Brahman then steps forward, and hangs a garland of flowers around his neck; upon which he rises up from his stool, places himself in a palanquin, and in that manner is carried through all the streets of the town. As soon as the bridegroom and his attendants have returned to the house, a small copper vessel is placed before him, filled with betal, &c. together with the *Taly*, or pledge of conjugal fidelity. The

father then desires the bride to hold out her hands, pours all the above-mentioned articles into them, and lays a piece of gold coin on the top. He then lays hold of her hands, takes every thing from her, and puts them into the hands of his son-in-law. At that moment the Brahman says, with a clear voice, "All the gods are witnesses, that I give thee this my daughter to wife. Behold her portion!" These words are repeated three times by the bride's father. The Brahman then takes the *Tuly*, pronounces a prayer over it, and presents the *Tuly* to be touched by each of the wedding guests, and when that is done, gives it to the bridegroom, who hangs it around the neck of the bride. The observation of this circumstance is of the greatest importance; for upon it depends properly the validity of the marriage, which is afterwards considered as insoluble. When the bridegroom has hung the *Tuly* around the bride's neck, the Brahman lays hold of the new married pair, each by the ring-finger, and in that manner leads them thrice round a small altar; during which time the new-married pair must always have a burning lamp near them. When these ceremonies are ended, the bridegroom takes a vessel with milk, applies it to his mouth, and gives it to his bride to drink: the vessel is then handed round from guest to guest, who all put it to their lips in succession. The solemnity is then concluded with a second procession. The young wife now attends to the management of her domestic affairs, and never goes beyond the threshold of her house without the express permission of her husband."

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ICE FOX.

"DURING my abode," says Steller, "on Behring's Island, I had opportunities, more than enough, of studying the nature of this animal, far excelling the common fox in impudence, cunning, and roguery. The narrative of the innumerable tricks they played us, might easily vie with Albertus Julius's History of the Apes in the Island of Saxenburg. They forced themselves into our habitations by night, as well as by day, stealing all they could carry off, even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, clothes, &c. They were so inconceivably ingenious, as to roll down our casks of provisions, several pounds in weight, and then steal the meat out of them so ably, that at first, we could not bring ourselves to ascribe the thefts to them. As we were stripping an

animal of its skin, it often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes, from their rapacity in tearing the flesh out of our hands. If we buried it ever so carefully, and added stones to the weight of earth that was upon it, they not only found it out, but shoved away the stones, as men would have done, with their shoulders plying under them, helping one another with all their might. If, thinking to secure it, we put any on the top of a high post in the air, they grubbed up the earth at the bottom, so that the post and all came tumbling down; or one of them clambered up, and threw down what was upon it with incredible artifice and dexterity. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind, they devoured it before a man of us could come up, to our great disadvantage; and, if they could not consume it at once, they trailed it away, in portions, to the mountains, where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro, as long as any thing remained to be conveyed away: while this was doing, others stood on guard, and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop combined at once, and began digging altogether in the sand, till they had so fairly put a beaver or a sea-bear under the surface, that not a trace of it was to be seen. In the night-time, when we slept in the field, they came and pulled off our night-caps, and stole our gloves from under our heads, with the beaver coverings, &c. in consequence of which, we always slept with clubs in our hands, that, if they should awake us, we might drive them away, or knock them down.

"When we made a halt to rest by the way, they gathered around us, and played a thousand tricks in our view; and when we sat still, they approached us so near, that they gnawed the thongs of our shoes. If we lay down, as if intending to sleep, they came and smelt our noses, to try whether we were dead or alive; if we held our breath, they gave such a tug to the nose, as if they would bite it off. On our first arrival, they bit off the noses, fingers, and toes of our dead, while we were preparing the grave; and thronged in such a manner about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. Every morning we saw these audacious animals patrolling about among the sea-lions and sea-bears lying on the strand, smelling at such as were asleep, to discover whether some of them might not be

dead: if that happened to be the case, they proceeded to dissect him immediately; and presently after, all were at work in dragging the parts away. Because the sea-lions, at night, in their sleep, frequently overlay their young, they examine, as if conscious of that circumstance, every morning, the whole herd of them, one by one, and immediately drag away the dead cubs from their dams.

"Seeing, now, that they would not suffer us to be at rest night nor day, we were in fact, so exasperated at them, that we killed them young and old, and plagued them by every means we could devise. When the party awoke in the morning, there always lay two or three at our feet, that had been knocked on the head by some of us in the night; and I can safely affirm, that, during my stay on the island, I slew above 200 of them myself. The third day after my arrival, I knocked down, within the space of three hours, upwards of seventy of them with a club. They were so ravenous, that if we held to them a piece of flesh, they would come to it, although we might have a stick or axe in the other hand to knock them on the head.

"When these busy animals could not get hold of what they wanted, as the clothes we put off, &c. one of them would void upon it, and all the others which passed would do the same. From all circumstances, it was clear to us, that they had very little communication with human beings, and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.

In October and November, they, like the other foxes, were the most sleek, and full of hair; in January and February the growth of it is too thick; in April and May they begin to shed their coats; in June and July they had only wool on them, and looked as if they went in waistcoats. In June they drop their cubs, nine or ten in a brood, in holes and cliffs of the rocks. They are so fond of their young, that, to scare us away, they would bark and yelp like dogs, and thereby betrayed their secret coverts. This mode of preserving their young, probably, has procured them the name of Ice or Rock Foxes. No sooner do they perceive that their retreat is discovered, than, unless disturbed, they drag away the young in their mouths, and hide them in a more secret place. On killing the young, the dam follows the slayer with grievous howlings, day and night, for a hundred and more versts, and never ceases, until she has played her enemy some trick, and is killed by him.

"In storms, and heavy falls of snow, they bury themselves in the snow, and lie still, as long as it lasts. They swim across rivers with great agility; will seize the sea-fowl by night, on the cliffs, when they have settled to sleep; but are themselves frequently victims to the birds of prey. These animals, which are now in such inexpressible numbers on the Island, were, most probably, conveyed there (since there is no other land animal in it) from the Continent, on the drift ice; and have been nourished by the great quantity of animal substances thrown up by the sea.

"This species is entirely white, and their furs compose a considerable article of commerce."

THE AFRICAN:

A SKETCH.

(From the Young Ladies' Museum.)

SAMBO was the chief of a tribe of Africans; he was manly and vigorous as the lion that ranges sole master of the forests. Beloved by the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, on whom he doated to enthusiasm, he was as happy as man could be. His Orra was lovely, virtuous, and mild; and they were soon to have been united by the closest ties.

As Sambo was one evening returning from his beloved Orra, after having fixed the day that was to celebrate their marriage, often turning to catch a glimpse of the hut that contained her, a party of Europeans rushed from a thicket, and, alike inexorable to his persuasions, struggles, or remonstrances, bore him away to a ship that was at anchor near, and confined him a slave!

When Orra was informed of the dreadful circumstance by some natives who had witnessed it, but who, from the superior number of the Europeans, dared not (fearful for their own safety) attempt to rescue him, the shock was too violent for her tender nature; it proved instantly fatal:—she fainted, dropped, and rose no more!

In the mean time, the ship in which Sambo was confined set sail; and thus, bereaved of every hope of returning to his friends and country, he was driven to distraction!—At the still hour of midnight, when nought was heard but the moaning of his wretched companions, some of whom had buried the poignancy of their grief in a temporary oblivion, he burst his chains, and rushed on deck to contemplate with freedom his wretched fate.

"I have," said he, every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. Shall I, who was

torn to rule in mine own country, suffer myself to be a slave in another? Torn from all I hold dear on earth, shall I eat the bread and wear the bonds of servitude?—No!—honour, love, and pride forbids it!"

Wrought by his grief into a perfect frenzy, he saw, or believed he saw, the phantom of his beloved Orra skim over the surface of the salt waves, and gently chide him for so long neglecting to follow her to the mansions of peace, where no tyrant can reign. Sambo, half determined before, now resolved on his fate:—

"Yes, my Orra, I am fully persuaded, that, tho' we are cruelly parted in this life, our union will be permanent in the next!—

"The white man in vain shall account me his slave:
"My Orra I come!"—And he plung'd in the wave!"

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done to be thus torn from the bosoms of your families?—If education, as we are taught to believe, tends to the promotion of benevolence, and all the finer feelings of the soul, why do the more enlightened parts of the creation stain their characters by such ignoble deeds? JULIA.

REMONSTRANCE AGAINST INTENDED SUICIDE.

BY MISS KING.

"THINK, O! think what you were about to do! To plunge into eternity; to rush, uncalled, into the presence of your Creator; to tax with injustice his dispensations; to counteract his mandates! Oh! Angelo, remember that the grave shuts out repentance; that the moment we cease to respire this vital air, the imprisoned soul at once escapes, and plunges into other realms. Let meditation pause—a cloud hovers over the rest: dare not, unlicensed, penetrate its awful mysteries. Say, Angelo, canst thou conjecture the means by which we live and breathe, for what purpose formed and gifted with extensive intellects? How then shall we dare quit the allotted station, uncalled, unsummoned, with all our frailties unrepented of? Supposing you had precipitated yourself into the greedy element; had you considered what it was to die? When battling with the furious waves, would no lingering wish have tortured your heart? When irretrievable fate had stared you in the face, would not your fortitude have shrunk from its glowing horrors? Oh! yes!—mental and bodily anguish would have brought your flinching soul to the pitch of horror and desperation, and armed with terror, death would have extinguished the struggling for ever.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

BEING much pleased with Tyro's Philosophical Questions in No. 44 of your Repository, I have attempted their solution. I have waited until now, hoping that some abler hand would have undertaken the task; but as that is not the case, I shall venture my opinion, at the same time assuring your correspondents, should my solution be erroneous, I shall feel myself indebted to any one who may, for the good of the public, feel interested to correct it.

R. W.

1. When the sun descends below the horizon, its rays are so refracted by the atmosphere, as to render it visible to us until it is 18 degrees below it. The nearer the spectator is to the equator, the more parallel with it will the sun's course appear; and the farther removed from it, the more oblique and more parallel with the horizon;—hence the greater the obliquity, the longer the sun takes in descending 18 degrees below the horizon;—consequently, as London and Paris are in more northern latitudes, the sun will be longer in descending the 18 degrees there than in the latitude of Philadelphia. Hence their twilight will endure longer than ours.

2. Under the equinoctial line the days and nights are equal, or nearly so, all the year round; because the declination of the earth's circle, or surface, from a plane (within the ecliptic) is not material, it being only $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees (out of 160 the degrees contained in a circle) which the sun traverses on either side the line; but as we approach nearer the poles the declination of the horizon being so much greater from a plane than at the equinox, the sun remains longer above the horizon in the summer, than below it, and shorter in the winter. Hence the days continue to grow longer, the nearer we approach the poles, and immediately at the poles, the days and nights are six months alternately; because the sun is always above the horizon to each of the poles alternately, after it crosses the equinoctial line, until it recrosses it again; which seasons are called the Vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes.—From this it will be seen, that London, &c. lying about 10 degrees more northern latitude than Philadelphia, the days will be longer in summer and shorter in winter.

3. To shew why thunder storms frequently approach large cities, it will be necessary first to treat a little on the generation of thunder.—Thunder I conceive is produced by the following natural process.

The evaporations from the earth being composed of a great quantity of nitrous, sulphureous, bituminous, and other inflammable substances, all partaking largely of electricity;—and this heterogeneous mixture of inflammable particles being much agitated in the atmosphere, by the continual vibrations, and repercussions, to which a fluid so fine as the air, must necessarily be subject, they are at length kindled into a flame, which immediately produces a greater degree of heat in that part, than in the circumambient air. It is well known that heat expands air, and renders it proportionably lighter.—It is also known that air, as a fluid, will naturally seek an equilibrium;—hence the denser air on every side will press in upon the inflammable part, bearing with it all the aqueous particles it contains, until the inflammable matter is totally enveloped in the watery element, or clouds, which so completely environ it as to make the contact closer, and its action more powerful. The fire being thus compressed on every side by the cumbrous weight of this watery element, which continues to accumulate until its weight presses the fire thro' the clouds, and an explosion is indispensable.—The fire then passing thro' the clouds, labouring as it were to be delivered, causes the rumbling noise called thunder, which is so analagous to the noise occasioned here below by the meeting of the two elements fire and water.—Hence we may also account for the velocity of lightning and the wonderful effects produced by that fluid body.

On the above principle it is, that thunder-storms approach large cities. The air in and adjacent to large cities is rendered lighter than common, by the many fires that are almost constantly burning;—also by a greater degree of animal heat; but more especially by the action of the sun's rays upon the walls and pavements, which retain and reflect more heat back on the atmosphere, than country places, where the ground absorbs the heat. This being the case, the air of cities is rendered lighter, and the neighbouring atmosphere being overcharged, as above described, will naturally press towards that part where there is least resistance. Hence the adjacent thunder-storm generally presses towards large cities.

4. To this I must answer, that the clouds bring the wind; from the circumstance above mentioned relative to the equilibrium of the air: for when any one part of the atmosphere is overcharged with more than its proportion of weight, from extraordinary evaporations, or from the meeting of va-

rious currents of air charged with moisture; such is the nature of all fluids, that they seek an equilibrium; hence, the incumbent clouds pressing hard upon the lightest adjacent part, causes the atmosphere to give way on the side the air has least resistance; consequently the lighter air is pressed by the weight of the clouds till it forms a strong current, or what we commonly designate a gust. This subject will be more fully illustrated by the similitude of a ship pressing the water before it; although it is but a miniature picture of it.

5. This question is answered with the 3d, in the description of the generation of thunder, where the incumbent clouds are represented as pressing from every quarter towards the heat, where the air is rendered so light as to admit of more density from every quarter, until the equilibrium is restored.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

UPON what grounds your correspondent, who signs himself a *Subscriber*, can assert, that there exists a controversy between Mr. Law and the Uranian Society, I am utterly at a loss to discover.—A certain W. B. wrote against Mr. Law,—the Uranian Society, in a special meeting, declare their utter ignorance of the author, disapprove of the performance; and the managers, all men of *respectability*, give it under their signature. Mr. Law in his answer, follows the same line of *propriety*, and makes no mention of the Society; yet Mr. Subscriber says, “there is a disagreeable controversy existing.”—Where, I ask, does it exist? Assuredly not in the Repository—unless Mr. Subscriber can prove that W. B. is the Uranian Society; which, I am of opinion, will be rather a difficult task;—but it is possible he can prove it by the same strength of intellectual powers, by which he perceived that a controversy existed between Mr. Law and the Society.—Mr. Subscriber says, “I have observed with pain.”—I suppose, Mr. Hogan, if the *pain* had resulted from philanthropic feelings he would at least have judged favourably of the Society, and not ascribe unto them motives for which all his ingenuity could not find a name.—And after all, what has he done? If he intended to reconcile W. B. and Mr. Law, he went about it in a very singular manner; and I am much mistaken if he has not much injured the cause he meant to befriend; for undoubtedly the good sense of Mr. Law will never approve of auxiliaries, who set out with assertions

of disputes which *do not exist*; and as the Society hath fallen under the lash of his displeasure, from them he cannot expect many thanks for his *DELICACY*. One word more, and I have done,—as I am not a member of the Society, nor an enemy to Mr. Law, but a friend to both, I hope Mr. Subscriber will not, as he did W. B. take me for the Uranian Society, who am only

A LOOKER-ON.

October 5th, 1801.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, signed, a *Subscriber*, appears to be under some mental derangement, or dreaming: for he speaks of things that are not, as tho' they were. He tells us, “he observes with pain a disagreeable controversy in your paper, between Mr. Law and the Uranian Society:” and also very friendly, gives us his advice to drop it. I make free to tell the Subscriber, that no such controversy exists, but in his own brain, neither would any person, properly awake, and in their senses, impose such a belief on the public. I believe Mr. Law thinks as we do, that neither will gain much reputation by such flattering scribes as W. B. or the hyp—l Subscriber; who pretends to be in pain for what himself is stirring up.

Before he imputed bad motives to others, he ought to have examined his own heart, took his own advice, and dropt his pen, before he told his dream to the world.

That W. B. wantonly attacked Mr. Law is acknowledged: but has Mr. Law charged the society with it? No, he has answered W. B. with temper, as a master of the science he professes, and a gentleman.

As to the P. S. inquiry, I answer, if any of our members have been taught, or improved by Mr. Law or his system, we think it no disparagement to them, or us, nor any thing strange. For my own part, I am ready to confess, I think the public indebted to Mr. Law for simplifying the science, in leaving out the useless C Cliff, and lessening the number of marks for time, which in my opinion were superfluous.

But to return, and to put the matter beyond dispute, I would ask this degrading Subscriber one plain question, as a test of method and talents: Is not that the best system that most facilitates practice? Candour must say, Yes: Then I challenge him, and his colleagues, (for it seems there are three more) to bring forward a person taught in America, (for I was not instruct-

ed by any system used in this country) to give, at first sight, the air and words of any strange piece of music, with more facility, accuracy, and precision, than his friend,

EDWARD STAMMERS,
A member of the Uranian Society.

N. B. If the Subscriber affects an air of contempt instead of accepting my challenge, and giving the public his name, I shall congratulate myself, being satisfied the sensible world will place the contempt where it is merited.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

THAT the Dutch in general are frequently guilty of making the most absurd assertions, is, I believe, beyond a doubt. I never heard from any nation whatever, a blunder to equal the following, and that it should be inserted in history as a truth is astonishing.

My reasons for troubling you with it, is, that having had a conversation with a number of persons the other evening, concerning the question "What nation makes the greatest practice of making the most absurd assertions?" The poor Irishmen stood no chance with them, I was their only supporter, but found myself in the end too weak to encounter the numbers that were opposed to me. I went home, determined in my own mind to ransack history, until I should find some absurdity in other nations to equal those of the Irish, and very fortunately stumbled upon the following in Pat. Gordon's Geographical Grammar, the 12th edition, under the head of "Rarities in Holland." I think I may now with some degree of safety, challenge my antagonists (or any other persons) to meet me with an Irish absurdity to equal it. By giving it a place in your Repository, you will oblige a subscriber.

X. O.

THE two brazen dishes in the village of London, in which were baptized, (A. D. 1276) by Don William Suffragan, Bishop of Treves, 365 children (whereof 182 were said to be males, and as many females, and the odd one an hermaphrodite) all born at one birth of the Countess of Heneberg, daughter to Florent IV. Earl of Holland.—One of which children (at least an abortive given out for one of them, the whole matter of fact being called in question) is to be seen in the Museum Regium at Copenhagen.

Drunkenness is a sort of temporary madness: so is dreaming: and so is every passion when it is impetuous.

Solution to Q's Question in Number 44, by Mr. N. MAJOR.

SUPPOSE the piece of land a square, and put x = the side thereof in poles, then will $\frac{x^2}{160}$ = the acres, and $x \times 4 \times 2 \times 5 = 40x$ the rails, then per question $\frac{x^2}{160} = 40x$, which multiplied by $\frac{160}{x}$ gives $x = 6400$, from which the number of acres is found to be 256000, as required.

THE person who was so good as to inform the editor of this paper, by a note, that the essay signed the "Young Artist," was not original, and that he could produce a work from which it was copied—is now called upon publicly by the author of the paper, to produce the work for the justification of his assertion.—Silence or inattention to this will be considered as a proof that the person has either lost the work, or has never seen it.—The latter will be the most probable in the opinion of the

YOUNG ARTIST.

Remarkable Instance of Indian Delicacy.

WHEN the Creek nation of Indians, some time ago, were at war with a more barbarous tribe, the unwarrantable attack of the latter upon the former, induced a chief of that tribe to join the Creek nation in repelling and chastising their insolent neighbour. This chief, whose name was Greenluf, was an Indian of some address, and was thought handsome; he was very attentive to the savage girls in general, but particularly to the daughter of the Redbud-king. She was a beautiful female, and when Greenluf mentioned to her his wish to make her his wife, gratitude and love conspired to induce an acceptance of the offer. The day was fixed on when they were to be married; it arrived, the parties appeared at the house of the lovely Alvena, (the name of the young savage girl) but what was her surprise, when just before the ceremony was to be performed, an Indian squaw approached with two children in her arms, and addressed Greenluf in the following manner: Cruel and perfidious wretch, is it possible that you are about to abandon me and your two infants, and leave us for ever a prey to disgrace and poverty! All was silence, when Alvena arose, and after a pause of a few minutes, observed, that altho' she was sensible this affair would cost her her life, she rejoiced that she remained unstained by that wretch. She fainted,—was taken and laid on a bed,—she expired! The wife of Greenluf wandered about for a few weeks full of distress and trouble, when after charging a brother to be revenged for the insult offered, she with a tomahawk dashed out the brains of her children, and with a knife stabbed herself to the heart.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 10, 1801.

Marriages.

Blest is that man, whose zealous search shall find,
A Fair of temper mild, and gentle mind;
Whose soul of sensibility can prove
The charms of friendship and the sweets of love.
To her endear'd embraces let him fly;
He may the ills and cares of life defy;
And lay a sure foundation for that bliss,
In other worlds improv'd, he felt in this.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 3d inst. by Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Thomas Nightingale, merchant, to Miss Hannah Cottman, of Oxford....On the 6th, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Charles Moore, of this city, to Miss Mary Coates, of Montgomery County....On the 4th, by Joseph Cowperthwait, esq. Mr. Wm. Allibone, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Smith daughter of Mr. John Smith, Wright's town, Bucks County....On the 8th, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Charles Eller, merchant, to Miss Mary Israel, daughter of Israel Israel, Esq. Sheriff....On the 8th, by the Rev. Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Jesse Oat, to Miss Charlotte Hopple....At Friends' Meeting, Mr. Philip Garratt, watch-maker, to Miss Rebecca Cresson, daughter of Mr. James Cresson, deceased.

Deaths.

Death's not that monster, which man's fancy paints,
Whether to sinners, moralists, or saints:
Religion says, it only is the way
Thro' this dark world to worlds of perfect day;
Philosophy, that 'tis the last repose
To weary mortals' troubles cares and woes.
Then, let's prepare to meet our certain doom,
And sweetly sleep within the peaceful tomb;
In humble resignation to the call
Of Him who made, preserves and governs all.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....At Norfolk, the 27th ult. Mr. Wm Woodhouse, in the 19th year of his age. At Wilkinsonville, on the 20th ult. col. David Strong, of the 2d U. States regiment.

.....On board the ship Commerce, while laying at St. Petersburg, Mr. Ebenezer Thurstain, of Danvers... Fell from the side of the same vessel and was drowned, Mr. Miel Pinch of Beverly.

.....At New-York, on the 1st inst. Dr. James Church, proprietor of the Cough drops, Billions Pills, Potanical Tea, &c.

.....At Charleston, on the 13th ult. Mr. Seth Paine, late one of the editors of the Charleston Gazette.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Carles" and "Sir Taffey Blunderbuss" will appear next week. "Quixotes," and "A Moralist," as soon as convenient.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY IN A WOOD AT EVE.

"Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!"
GOLDSMITH.

AH me! what sorrows load my feeble years!
What heaving pains my lab'ring bosom swell!

Adown my cheek run streams of briny tears,
That forcibly my souls deep anguish tell.

Yet none will pity, none afford relief,
Nor grant small comfort to th' infirm and poor!

One hears, unmov'd, the story of my grief,
Another, haughty, drives me from his door.

Ah! how unfeeling is the human mind,
When prosperous breezes blow from ev'ry part,

Deaf to the voice of heav'nly love refin'd,
Chill'd is the gentle movement of the heart.

Many who me deni'd a crumb of bread,
Or ev'n a cup of water, as I sued,
Altho' they now forget, I oft have fed
With gen'rous plenty.... Oh ingratitude!

Yes, in the spring of life, when all was gay,
And universal nature smil'd around,
No poor did ever to my mansion stray,
But charity and lib'ral aims they found.

My dearest wife would soothe the stranger's woe,

Refresh their bodies, and their spirits cheer;

My pitying children wou'd around them go,
Weep as I wept, and drop the friendly tear.

Then was I blest!... but soon that bliss decay'd,

(Such is the transient joy of human life)
Soon in the grave my lisping babes were laid,
And after them my tender loving wife.

Yet sure 'tis heav'n misfortunes sends to man,

To burst the fetters of his earthly love,
To wean affection from time's narrow span,
And fix it on the great concerns above.

Here vice o'er virtue holds imperious sway,
And all religion's precepts disregards;
Then surely virtue, in the realms of day,
Shall find extatic and complete rewards.

Then cease my soul, thy Maker's mercy trust,

Short is the date of all thy troubles here,
Thy frame decaying hastens to the dust,
To bury all its woes and sorrows there.

Then cease thy 'plaint!... Ye oaks your branches spread,

And shield from skies inclement the forlorn,

Just heav'n I acquiesce!... Thy slumbers
And keep! Oh keep me till the coming morn!

EUGENIUS.

ELEGIAC VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF A BIRD.

AH! hark that sound
That rises hollow on the gale!
Wide echoing round,
It tells a mournful fatal tale
Of death triumphing in the vale.

Alas and see
Yon hapless bird, where slow it flies,
To reach yon tree,
In vain with feeble wing it tries,
And now it flutt'ring falls—and dies.

Sweet warbler, say!
Cou'd not thy manners void of blame,
Nor thy soft lay
Safe shield thee from the murd'rer's aim,
Or his unfeeling bosom tame.

In vain at dawn
Ill listen as I early stray
O'er the smooth lawn,
To hear thee chaunt thy carols gay,
And blithesome hail the rising day.

No more thy note
Shall charm me as I devious rove,
Nor thy sweet throat
Be tun'd again to l'ys of love,
Which erst thou warbled thro' the grove.

Thy widow'd mate
Bereft of thee, distress'd, forlorn,
Shall anxious wait
And vainly thy long absence mourn,
And vainly hope thy quick return.

Far distant thou
From home and her art mangled laid,
Poor bird full low,
And thy gay plumage stain'd with red,
And all thy various beauties fled.

Yet oft thy bier
I'll strew fair blooming flow'rs along,
And oft a tear
By pity given shall grace the song,
That weeping tells thy cruel wrong.

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

[From the PINDARIANA (OF PETER PINDAR.)]

"COME down you toad," cry'd Susan to a spider,

High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And wanton swinging by his silken rope;

"I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;

You're now upon some murder, I presume,
I'll bless thee—if I dont, say I'm no pope."

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
Determin'd on a fatal push,
To bring the rope-dancer to ground,
And all his schemes of death confound.

The spider, blest with oratory grace,
Slipp'd down, and staring Susan in the face,
"Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in that heart?

O barb'rous, lovely Susan! I'm amaz'd!
O can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
Possess of cruelty the slightest part?

Ah, can that swelling bosom of delight,
On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,

Nay, with these fingers touch'd too, let me say,

Contain a heart of cruelty? no, no!
That bosom, which exceeds the new-fall'n snow,

All softness, sweetness, one eternal May."

"How!" Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd brain—

"How, impudence! repeat those words again: (speak,

Come, come, confess with honesty.—speak,
Say, did you really crawl upon my neck?

"Susan, by all thy heav'nly charms, I did;
I saw thee sleeping by the taper's light;
Thy cheek, so blushful, and thy breast so white:

I could not stand it, and so down I slid."

"You did, sweet mister spider? so you saw!"

"Yes, Susan, Nature's is a pow'rful law."

"Aro't you a murd'rer?" gravely Susan cries,
Aro't you for ever busy with that claw,
Killing poor unoffending little flies,
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?
Don't you on pretty little pigeons cram?

Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"

"That's very true (quoth Susan,) true indeed;

Lord! with what eloquence these spiders
This little rascal beats a grave divine.

It was no snake, I verily believe,
But a sly spider that seduc'd poor Eve.

But then you are so ugly."—"Ah, sweet Sue!

I did not make myself, you know too
Could I have made myself I had been you,
And kil'd with envy ev'ry beauteous belle."

"Heavens! to this spider!—what a witch-ing tongue!

Well, go about thy bus'ness, go along:
All animals indeed their food must get:
And hear me—shouldst thou look with long-ing eyes,

At any time on young, fat, luscious flies,
I'll drive the little rascals to thy net.

Lord, then how blind I've been to form and feature,

I think a spider now a comely creature."

POLITENESS.

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

There is a varnish which the world lays on,
(For deep scholastic learning gives it not.)
And calls Politeness. In good sooth 'tis pleasing,

And sweetly notes the finish'd gentleman.

Yet, should you ask me its intrinsic worth,
I should be posed; since every virtue makes

The heart its seat, and gay politeness plays,
Like some light vapour o'er the finish'd form.

'Tis what the courtier by much aping spoils;
'Tis what the gowmsman mimics oft in vain;

'Tis what the lover to his mistress pays;
For solid truth, 'tis what the swains despise;

Wisdom admires it, but adores it not;
It charms by falshood & with softness wounds;

An intimate with Vice, yet often seen
In Virtue's train, but no essential there.